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THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL PARTY.



#### A POSSIBILITY.

MRS. HIRAM DALY (reading).—Here's a girl who has slept steadily for six weeks.  
MR. DALY.—Must be one of our old cooks taking her vacation!



#### TO STRETCH AROUND THE WORLD.

IN THE Philippines and China  
And South Africa they're out;  
So the dogs of war, I'm thinking,  
Must be dachshunds, past a doubt.

#### HIS DEFENSE.

UNCLE SILAS.—And what excuse does the Congressman give for indorsin' sich a man?  
UNCLE HIRAM.—Why, he says, when he did it, he did n't know anything about him!

#### AN INOCCUPORTUNE MOMENT.

HIS WIFE.—Won't you contribute something to send missionaries to the heathen?  
THE TAXPAYER.—Not just now, Maria. It's going to be such an expensive job to wallop the heathen that I can't spend a cent to convert him.

THE DISMEMBERMENT of China by the powers will involve the "disrememberment" of the usual number of rather solemn promises; but that's nothing.

#### PREPAREDNESS.

"You can whistle," replied the Sublime Porte, haughtily, "for your pay!"  
The Government at Washington kept its temper admirably.  
"Yes; they do say our thirteen-inch shells are pretty smooth whistlers!" it observed, quietly.

#### ABSURD.

FIRST CAPITALIST.—This man has a new plan for a canal across the Isthmus — wants to organize a company, and so on — but his scheme is wildly visionary.  
SECOND CAPITALIST.—How?  
FIRST CAPITALIST.—He proposes not to employ a lobby.

#### CIRCUMLOCUTIONARY PROFANITY.

"What was that the bookkeeper said?"  
"I don't know! Oh, yes; — he said the Boxers were still raising Sherman's definition of war in China.

#### THE AGRARIANS.

"What," roared the Agrarian Element, ominously, "have you ever done for us?"  
"We have left gold bricks on the free list!" replied the Party in Power, well aware that the time had come to put its best foot forward.

#### FAMILY RESEMBLANCE.

"Daughter of Satan!" hissed Sir Guy.  
The adventuress started violently.  
"I must look like the devil in this new Fall hat!" she muttered, much disturbed.

#### SENSITIVE.

"The business interests," observed the Plain Citizen, speaking of the political agitation, "are extremely sensitive!"  
"I guess you'd think so, if you had them to touch!" replied the Great Boss, not unbitingly.

THE SOUTH African war being practically over, some of the military critics could, without loss to the public, be mustered out.

THE TAMMANY Ice Trust would be only reaping where it had sowed should it get the refrigerated shoulder in the coming elections.



#### PUCKOGRAPHS. — LXX.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HIRED MAN AT WASHINGTON.





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#### NO TRESPASSING.

"Do they catch anything around here?"

"Well, yes; they caught a feller fishin' last week an' locked him up!"



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#### HIS EXPERIENCE.

"A new waitress, forsooth! I hope she is as attentive as she is comely?"

"Nay; if a waitress is comely, the guests will be attentive."

#### IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

"And thou hast been to the alchemist?" said the lady of the scornful mien. "Is it true that he hath discovered the elixir of youth?"

"Nay," said her acquaintance; "but he hath discovered a marvelous complexion wash. I warrant if thou wilt use it thou wilt not look a day over thirty-four."

#### EVOLUTION.

No more the redskin seeks the fray  
And roams the warpath, wild and free;  
He goes and gets a load to-day  
And starts upon a jamboree.

#### THE CORRECT LENGTH.

MRS. DRESSER.—Do you think this dress is long enough behind, Jack?

MR. DRESSER.—Plenty! Any microbe that can escape that is n't worth catching.

#### AFTER THE FIGHT.

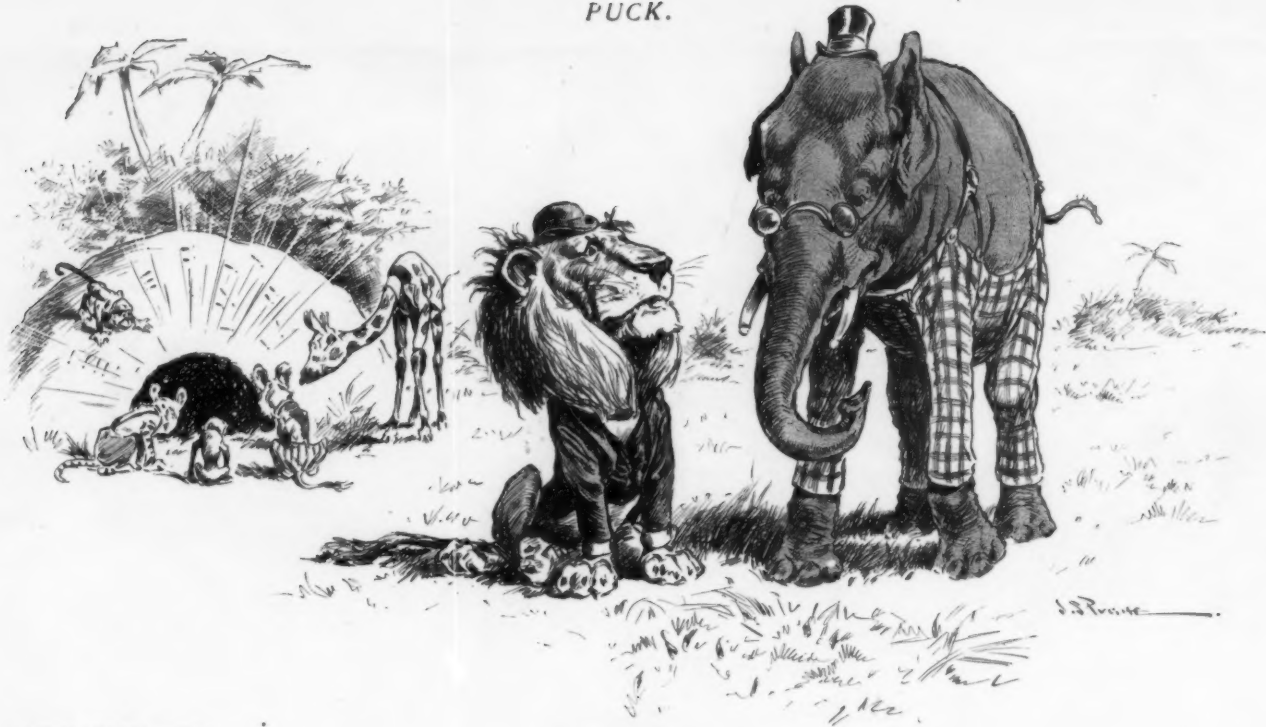
"This diagram shows just where Slugger was hit."

"Yes? It might simplify matters to make a diagram showing where he was n't hit."



THERE is still some doubt whether the golf ball will finally class with the nail and the horse and the other things a woman can't drive, or with the bargain, which she can.

PUCK.



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#### SOME NOISE.

THE LION.—For Heaven's sake! what's all the racket about in there?  
THE ELEPHANT.—The baby is cutting his first tooth.  
THE LION.—Oh! I thought he was cutting his throat.

#### AN EVENING WALK.



ONE NIGHT when the moon was full I went out to walk. I had only the dull city to walk in, and there was grit on the endless concrete walks, but a misty dew was in the air, the shadows of the captive city trees were dark, and the moon was the same reaper's moon which set Burns singing long ago.

I thought of ancient nights, and how they were as far away as the inaccessible glories on the western clouds; it is a common effect of the moon to make one think of the past, and I think it must be governed by a sort of Russian calendar whose dates are twenty years behind. In the shadows a man was walking slowly but with a firm step ahead of me. When I came up he turned as if to ask a direction, and I liked him at once. There is occasionally a face which seems friendly at first glance, and some people think lightly of this, but friendliness is the million-century plant of evolution at last in bloom.

"We might as well walk on together," said he. "I should like nothing better," said I. The moon looked more glorious and more melancholy as we walked along.

"I am a visitor to your planet," said the stranger.

"It used to be a bully place," said I, speaking for it; "but the old moon out there is about the only thing left as it used to be."

"It does not surprise you to learn that I am from another star?"

"Not at all."

"I thought you would not be surprised. Your literature here often mentions visitors from other worlds."

"Then you think that I am acquainted with literature?"

"Yes," said he, but not in that bold dashing way that we like: "you have that lackadaisical look. Oh! it is not a bad look. You can not welcome your friends at your park gates but you can wish them well."

"Yes, to some extent," said I. "We lackadaisical people wish our friends well with all our hearts till they do well. In literature visitors from distant stars are as common as virtue. Robert Louis Stevenson fell in with a real inhabitant of a distant star, and they got along finely."

"Yes," said he, "I knew about that, and I want to tell you that the visitor liked Robert immensely. When he came back he was always talking about Robert. Do you know why they got along so finely?"

"Why, yes," said I; "I suppose I know, only I never thought about it. It was because—they got on finely because—it was natural they should."

"Stevenson was from another star himself."

"You are a good file," said I, "and I admit you have reasoned it out better than I could. But if you had been cocky with me I would have claimed that not Isaac Newton or Herbert Spencer themselves could have beaten me at school, except by currying favor with the professors."

We sat half an hour in a beer garden. It was my duty to give him a favorable idea of our planet, and I essayed it willingly. Indeed, in a beer garden, with music, and with the wind and the moonlight among the leaves of the poplars, any man would think it a happy chance that had

#### A CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

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I.  
THE BOY.—Hully Gee! Dis is de best sling-shot I ever had. I'll give it a try.



II.  
"O-O-O—O-O-O! Now I've done it!"



III.  
"Gee! Dis ain't no place for me!"



PUCK.



IV.

STOUT PARTY.—Well! Well! Well! A sling-shot some boy has lost. I have n't had one in my hands since I was a kid.



V.

IRATE HOUSEHOLDER.—Don't deny it! Don't dare deny it! You overfed lump of childish imbecility! Are n't you standing there with the sling-shot yet in your hand? Officer, make that man pay for this window or arrest him.



VI.

THE OFFICER.—Yes; two dollars will do; but let me tell yez that jays as old as you as wants ter play wid sling-shots should go in de back yard of some insane asylum!

chosen him out of the world to express the noblest sentiments of the human heart.

"Nevertheless," said he at the end, or perhaps he did not wait till the end, "there is one thing about your world which strikes me as a trifle barbarous."

"I thought perhaps he referred to the manner in which our finest writers are obscured by the vulgar ones, and I asked him with interest what he meant.

"I mean the way you treat children."

"And what dear little things they are, too!" said I, nobly.

"You whip them," said he.

It gave me a shiver to think that this was true in the fine world I had been pretending we had.

"The little busy children are the best people you have. Whipping is a relic of your dark ages. It seems strange to consider what you have retained it for. You have not kept it for the big, ugly people—you have kept it for the little ones. Not for the bad people—no; for the good ones. Not for your enemies,—no; for your best friends. Not for those who despise you, but for the only admirers you will ever have."

Under this diatribe I sat shifting uneasily in my seat. There was an embarrassing quality about a high-minded and didactic visitor from another world. My eye was fixed upon him, as if I listened, but with his eye as a focus, my thoughts were describing immense circles and parabolas through space. Suddenly I hit upon a glorious truth. If the visitor from another star had an embarrassing quality he had another that offset it. He had never heard my stories. Not one of them. Imagine having all to yourself a visitor from another world, and in a beer garden.

"Bring us two more," said I. "Want to tell you about Bill Blackman and his hired man." So

I told him the story, and I do not know when I have laughed more heartily. "Bring us two more," I said; and I told him the story of Mark Fabuls and how he cradled grain so fast and tirelessly, according to his own accounts, that he bushed a self-binder.

"Good!" said he, and looking towards the west with a melancholy air, he said: "We have those same stories in that distant orb (we have not called it orb before, have we?) and I now believe that all stories, the good and the bad, must have existed in a gaseous form when matter was dissipated through space. And yet," said he, seeing my disappointment, "so was gold, but it buys beer just the same. Waiter, bring us two more."

THE MERMAID.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the Mermaid, petulantly. "I can't so much as look out of the water without my hair coming out straight!"

WHY HE DID IT.

FIRST PICKPOCKET.—If you knowed he only had a nickel, it was hardly worth while pinchin' it.

SECOND PICKPOCKET.—Oh! I tuk it on principle.

CONSOLATION.

FIRST CRIMINAL LAWYER.—Facts are stubborn things.

SECOND CRIMINAL LAWYER (*cheerfully*).—Oh, yes! If they were not, our fees would be smaller.

HIS APPEARANCE.

"And how does Mr. Publicman really look?"

"Well, he is a happy medium between his caricatures and his photographs."

SANSO.—What sort of a fellow is Jumpuppe?

RODD.—Oh! he is one of these fellows that exclaim enthusiastically, when you have sprung one of your subtlest and most original thoughts on them, "That's right! I have thought of that a hundred times."



FOUND AT LAST.

THE POET (*as a batch of poems is returned*).—Now I know what is meant by the poetry of motion. These poems are *It*.

THE POET'S WIFE.—How so?

THE POET.—They have been going the rounds of the newspaper offices for two years.

ON THE WALL.



RATE YE! rhymesters and pennywits,  
Of what the boarding-house cuisine  
Turns from its spits;  
Not mine!

For, as I come from daily toil at night  
And sit me at the board to feast,  
I raise expectant eyes to that familiar  
sight  
So tempting.

A basket, from whose o'erfilled brim  
The blushing peach and sombre plum  
Have rolled seductively toward him  
Who waits.

The scarlet berry of the running wine;  
The grape, that seem to hide within  
Its promise of the sparkling wine  
That cheers.

Sun-kissed of the South, queen of them all,  
The yellow of the orange shows;  
Extenuation, surely, for old Adam's fall,  
If Eden grew them.

Oysters that peep o'er rim of dainty shell;  
A finny beauty, speckled all in pink,  
With shining sides that eloquently tell  
Of mountain pool.

A dash of light on bronze and green  
Of a royal fellow, whose mail, anon,  
Will change the color of its glist'ning sheen  
To tawny red.

A duck, fat-breasted, from sweet-reeded fen,  
Flanked by some cel'ry, crisp and white,  
All cut and curled; and then,  
Beyond, uncorked, a bottle of Tokay —

Ye Gods! could I but meet that chromo man!  
As in my ear I hear her say —  
"Corn' beef or ham?"

W. L. L.

IT ALL DEPENDED.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER. — Tommy, if a boy slapped you on one  
cheek what should you do?

TOMMY. — How big a boy?

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER (*amused*). — About your size.

TOMMY. — I'd swing on him.

PEPHAPS IF woman is let to vote, this will occupy her mind, and she  
won't get to thinking she can run an automobile.



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A PLEASANT REHEARSAL.

FATHER (*entering suddenly*). — What does this mean?

DAUGHTER. — Nothing, Father. We are going to have tableaux  
of books by living authors to-morrow evening and we are practicing  
our part "To Have and to Hold."



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THE ONLY THING.

EDYTHER. — Don't you think that character in a young man is everything?

ETHEL. — Oh! yes; if he has nothing else!

NOT ADMITTED.

ISAACS. — I suppose a man can haf horse-sense mitout making a lot  
of money, ain't it?

COHENSTEIN. — Vell, I don't know. If he's got horse-sense he ought  
to haf somedings to show for it.

CRIMINALS SOAKED.

DEACON EMPTYSKULL. — Ha! Ha! Ha! While Si Hubble and his  
famby wuz tew town seein' the circus, tramps  
broke intew their house and et everything in  
sight!

SISTER NARRERBRANE. — There 's  
quick retribution ferye! I always said the  
Lord had more than one way uv punish-  
in' sinners.

R-R-REVENGE.

DOCTOR. — I know cod-liver  
oil tastes pretty bad at first but  
you will get used to it in time  
and get to like it.

PATIENT. — Get to like it?  
Well, if ever I do I'll punish  
a lot of it just to get even.

A REFLECTION.

MRS. JOHNSON. — What I said  
to Mrs. Simpkins was dat I did n't  
b'leeb yo' husband ebbah robbed a  
hen-roos' in his life.

MRS. BLACK. — Yo' done mean to insinniwate he ain't got de nerve?

SOME MEN can't even crawfish without lying, so exceedingly strong is  
the fish-story habit.

ORDINARY FAIRNESS should make you realize that your neighbors  
may not be as disagreeable people as their children would lead you  
to believe.



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"A GONE GOOSE."



# PUCK.



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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**PRAYER TO THE RESCUE.** AS IS WELL KNOWN, the most serious flaw in the make-up of President McKinley is his weakness for what has somewhere been very aptly described as "the flowing bowl." If he could only let liquor alone he would be all right. But, in spite of repeated admonitions, a wretched state of affairs continues at the White House. Not only are people who are not total abstainers admitted to the public receptions, but it is no longer a secret that a brewer mingled with the throng one reception day a few months ago and was not expelled. Furthermore, Society Persons and Diplomats are given wine to drink when they dine with the President, and it is darkly rumored, though not yet verified, that the President himself has, on at least three occasions during the last four years touched his own lips to the stuff. Again, the detectives of a certain temperance organization have established beyond doubt that one Aunt Molly Skillingsworth, of South Moodus, Conn., a person who makes a quantity of elderberry wine for medicinal use each season, has actually sent six bottles of the devilish stuff to the White House with the insidious suggestion that it is "first-rate for cramps;" and that neither was the offering returned, nor any fitting public rebuke administered to the offender. Still, again, the President has brazenly refused to go counter to the emphatic judgment of ninety-five per cent. of our army and navy officials in the matter of the army canteen.

The good souls of the Indiana Women's Christian Temperance Union have passively endured this scandal to a limit set by nature. They can no longer be content with saying they don't see how poor Mrs. McKinley ever manages to put up with such a beast; — that they would pack up and leave him for good and all the very next day. The time for mere talk is past. The women of Indiana are now in action. Their plan to redeem the office of our Chief Magistrate from the clutch of the rum demon is called "The Presidential Prayer Chain Pledge." If it prove as effective as it is simple Mr. McKinley's public career of riot and debauchery will terminate as he reels out of the White House on the 4th of March next. Each member of the organization, after making the prescribed prayer, is to mail copies of it to two of her friends; and so on, to McKinley's defeat. The prayer pledge begins: "Whereas, President McKinley has shown that he prefers the favor of the liquor men of the nation to that of the millions of the Christian people" — and the signer obligates herself to pray daily "to my Heavenly Father that He will give to the United States a better man for President for the next four years; one who will keep wine off the White House table, who will be a total abstainer himself and who will do what he can to overthrow the liquor traffic." It seems safe to predict that we shall learn something from this test — either about the efficacy of prayer or about the views of the Almighty touching the best means of combating inebriety. For it is almost certain that nothing else but prayer would elect a President of the United States on such a platform. Even that great and good man, Rutherford B. Hastings or Hays or Hatfield, or whatever his name may have been, was elected for other reasons than his policy regarding strong drink; though, it is true, he carried this out with such effectiveness that he will never be remembered for anything else. We wish the women of Indiana

a fair field and plenty of postage stamps. Perhaps, if the prayer were made just a trifle more specific, the Democratic National Committee could be induced to aid in the distribution of pledges.

## THE PRODIGAL SONS.

IT is a lovely sight, this home-coming of the prodigal Silverites. And the welcome given them at the threshold of the old home is not less affecting than their own warm professions of repentance,—their earnest resolutions henceforth to lead decent lives and to help about the place all they can. The tremulous "Moo" of the obese calf meanwhile strokes the welkin, and chastened visions of veal pie and trimmings ornament the near horizon. The spectacle not only touches but suggests. Who had so great a faith four years ago as to predict that Senator Stewart, the arch-prodigal, would so soon arise from the husks and go back to his party? No one, probably. Yet this miracle, wrought by the Spirit in a heart to all appearances unsanctified, has now become historical. Senator Stewart will never go off and prodigal any more. And if this miracle was worked in four years, what may we not expect in four other years? May not Mr. Bryan, himself, the fallen angel, return to the Democratic party and ask to be let in? May we not hope for a campaign in which sane people shall not have to unite against the propositions, seriously made, that, if our dollars were cut in two, we should have twice as many; and that the best way to thrive is to pay but half our debts?

## MCKINLEY'S VERSATILITY.

CANDIDATE BRYAN is still engaged in exhaustive character studies of Candidate McKinley. According to the analytical Bryan, Mr. McKinley four years ago was pressing a crown of thorns upon the brow of Labor, and making preparations to crucify it upon a cross of gold. Also, he was a Gold Bug, than which nothing more devastating, said Mr. Bryan, was to be found in the whole insect world. Labor presently discovered, however, that Mr. Bryan had merely used the crown of thorns to talk through; for, instead of being crucified on the cross of gold, that fearsome implement was minted and Labor deposited the proceeds to its own credit in various reliable savings banks. As Labor is now drawing interest on the minted cross, and its aspect, therefore, is no longer terrifying, Mr. Bryan now portrays Mr. McKinley in another rôle calculated to scare folks. Mr. McKinley is now an Emperor, it seems. And not a modern Emperor, but one endowed with all the ferocity and despotism of the Dark Ages. It is perfectly awful as Mr. Bryan says he sees it. The Republic might as well give up if so bloody-minded a tyrant is to be re-elected. This charge of "Emperorism" is based upon Mr. McKinley's strict adherence to a formal treaty, the ratification of which this same Mr. Bryan was especially earnest and active to promote. In fewer words, Mr. McKinley is doing just what Mr. Bryan saw he would have to do under this treaty. If Mr. McKinley is an Emperor, therefore — touching which assertion at least two views are permissible — the honest Mr. Bryan must, a little while ago, have believed that an Emperor was just what the country needed. Or, did he help to set up the alleged Emperor with a shrewd notion of having sport with him later?



## A HARDER FATE.

BEATRICE. — I'll bet she is only a bird in a gilded cage.

ANGELINE. — Yep! But I'll bet she sits on dat poor ole guy so much he thinks he is only de perch, at dat!



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ANOTHER EXPLOSION AT HAND.

JOTTSMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.





PUCK.



UTTERLY ABSURD.

ALGY.—My grandfather is a queer old jigger, bah jove!

EPITH.—How so?

ALGY.—Why, he had the crust to ask me why I did n't put his picture among my ancestors!

THE TEST.



ONE EVENING when he had nothing worse to do an Eminent Practical man invited an Eminent Thinker to dine with him at one of those high-class restaurants where the bill of fare is printed in elegant French and the bills paid in profane English. And, because he had the price, he ordered a dinner that embraced indigestion in all its subtlest forms.

When they had lighted their cigars the Eminent Thinker began to talk, as was his habit. Although his vis-à-vis seldom read anything more profound or elegant than a few yards of ticker-tape or the bulletins of a prize-fight, he was feeling well-fed and listened kindly while his thoughtful friend delivered a profound homily on Shakspeare. Being a critic of great erudition and much discernment he undertook to prove that all other interpreters of the great bard were wrong and that he alone had the inside understanding. He demonstrated to a nicety just how Shakspeare must have written each play and what his real conception of each character must have been. When his intellectual pump finally began to suck air and he had to stop for a fresh priming the Eminent Practical man took a fresh grip on his cigar, and asked:

"Would it be worth while to write plays like Shakspeare wrote?"

"Mehercule!" exclaimed the Eminent Thinker. "To write plays like Shakspeare's would not only make a man immortal but would also make him rich."

"Then why don't you write some if you know just how it was done?"

"Well, but — but — er — but —" gasped the Eminent Thinker. "I am not Shakspeare."

"Quite true," said the Eminent Practical man. "But I am not the man who invented long division, and yet I can work a sum in arithmetic fairly well. Now you listen to me for a while. When I started out in life I was apprenticed to a carpenter, and when I learned how to make the body of a buggy I humped myself and made one instead of going around and telling other folks that I knew how. When I went to school they taught me how to add and subtract and I promptly began to add to my resources and subtract from those of the other fellows. When they taught me multiplication and division I began to multiply my profits and divide those of other fellows. All through life, when I learned exactly how anything was done, I went and did it and got the price of doing it in my jeans. And I flatter myself that I have done fairly well." Here he stopped to puff up and look red about the wattles before proceeding to annihilate his friend. After having looked sufficiently impressive for some time he resumed:

"Now if I knew how Shakspeare wrote his plays I would n't go around spouting all about it but would give the scheme a try and perhaps go Shakspeare a few better."

Of course this was terribly ignorant stuff for the Eminent Practical man to talk and the Eminent Thinker thought it as well to make no reply. He noted the fact, however, that there seemed to be a pseudo truth in what the Eminent Practical man had said and intends to write a magazine article on the point at an early date.

WORST YET.

THE COQUETTE.—I have given the mitten to seven different men.

THE IDIOT.—It must have kept you busy nitting, eh?

JOB WAS not the only man who discovered that some of his friends were merely acquaintances.

A GOOD FLAVOR.

DARKLEY.—A fox oughter make good eatin', Pete.

JOHN SING.—How's dat?

DARKLEY.—Why, look how fond he is ob chicken!

IT IS surprising how often we are surprised at things which ought not to cause any surprise.

A POPULAR REMEDY.

"They say money is a drug in the market." "Is it? I feel like prescribing myself a number of large doses."

WE 'VE GOT to take the bitters with the sweets; but, unless they are carefully compounded with other choice ingredients, they make a mighty poor cocktail.



PUCK.



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#### HE EXPLAINS HIS PREFERENCE.

"It's a great pity dat all calves can't grow up to be cows and not bulls. Becuz de cow gives yer corn' beef san'wiches an' milk-punch jags, while de bull gives yer heart disease an' nervous prostration."

#### THE STORY OF THE GREAT WALL.

**H**IN CHI HWANGTI, Emperor of China in the third century B. C., was a great man, although it is possible that his name is not at all familiar to you. He whipped everybody in his neighborhood who wanted to fight and quite a number who did not. But, like many another successful man, he was subject to periodical attacks of the blues. On one of these occasions, while he was sitting in his palace, gazing dejectedly at the luxurious furniture, Ah Pull, the most influential politician in the Empire, dropped in.

"What ails Your Majesty?" inquired Ah Pull. "Does the Brother of the Sun and Moon sigh because there are no more barbarians to wallop?"

"Nay," said the Emperor; "there are plenty of them; but I was meditating on the uselessness of walloping them. If I go after them they retire beyond the frontier into the veldt, if I may use the expression. If I return to my capital they cross into my dominions and raise Cain. Nor is there any glory in it when I do wallop them; for then doth the public say, 'Oh! they were dead-easy, anyhow. Pity he would n't!'"

And then I was worrying about the surplus in the treasury. This empire of mine is so blamed prosperous that we have more money than we know what to do with. Every day I get a note from some friendly power asking me for a loan."

"Just so!" said Ah Pull. "I have sat up several nights of late thinking of that surplus. Now, I have a plan to get rid of the surplus and the barbarians at one fell swoop. Build a great wall around the frontier. I shall organize a Wall Building and Construction Company—"

"What do you estimate that the wall would cost?" asked the Emperor.

"The surplus," replied Ah Pull, cheerfully.

"Then," said the Emperor, who was not without experience in public works, "as we may reasonably figure that it will cost three times the esti-

mate, it will use up the surplus and leave a large and interesting national debt."

"Exactly!" said Ah Pull, with considerable enthusiasm. "It will keep the Brother of the Sun and Moon hustling to pay the interest and he will not have to mope around his palace for want of occupation."

Convinced by these arguments, Chin Chi Hwangti passed the necessary appropriation. It is not recorded that he was ever again troubled by a surplus.



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#### A BRIGHT FUTURE.

MR. JOHNSING. — I took mah son Petey to a phrenologist, to-day, to find out what de chile wuz best suited fo', an' he tole me de chile wuz a bohn liah.

MR. JACKSING. — He ought to make a good wedder prophet, den.

MR. JOHNSING. — Yes; — eithah dat er a good phrenologist.

#### PLATT.

"Plattdeutsch!" said the immigrant, with much gesticulating.

"Well, you'd better get right out into the State," said the policeman, in correct Tammany dialect. "Platt don't cut no ice here!"

**PRESIDENTIAL LIGHTNING.** Mr. McKinley is pleased to observe, sometimes strikes twice in the same place.

**CONSIDERING** their number, it is a good thing for the rest of us that the Chinese are not a warlike people.

**THE COLOR LINE** has been drawn in the Women's Federation, certainly. The idea of members not matching!

**IN SOME** of the extremely squalid city tenements the air is said to be so bad that nobody ever thinks of building castles in it.

**WHILE THE** peculiar British mind continues to prefer cricket to baseball it is hard to see how the Anglo-Saxon *entente* can ever become complete.



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#### BLESS HIM!

MRS. HIPPO. — Oh, yes! he's a very good baby considering he's been brought up on the bucket!

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

# SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 23d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

**RED TOP RYE**  
THE WHISKEY OF WHISKIES.



If you are looking for something better than RED TOP RYE you had better drink **RED TOP RYE** until you find it.

Ferdinand Westheimer & Sons, St. Joseph, Mo. Cincinnati, O. Distillery: Louisville, Ky.

# Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap?

Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

HAVE YOUR CYCLE FITTED WITH THE MORROW COASTER HUB BRAKE



RIDE 50 MILES ON PEDAL ONLY WHEEL ALWAYS UNDER CONTROL.

ECLIPSE MFG. CO., ELMIRA, N. Y.

**\$25 to \$50 DAILY** EASILY MADE BY LIVE AGENTS Men or Women by selling our latest novelty, Waterproof Campaign Neckties. Goods entirely new and patented. Agents delighted. Sales unlimited. What others do, you can do. Time is short. Write today and secure exclusive territory. Guaranteed best seller. Address with stamp.

M. & M. Mfg. Co., Dept. X7, Springfield, Mass.

Established 1823.

# WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore Md.

NOT CUT OUT FOR A GROCER.

"Have you any nice fresh eggs to-day?" asked the woman with business-like ways.

"Madam," answered the man who has just started in the grocery business, "permit me to remind you that nice eggs are necessarily fresh and fresh eggs are always nice. Moreover, if I have any, I have them to-day. My possession of eggs yesterday or to-morrow does not in the slightest degree affect the situation. Therefore, time being precious to a business man, I will simply content myself with replying that I have nice eggs."—*Washington Star*.



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## "GRAND HIPPODROME RACES."

THE FARMER (at the circus).—What kind of an animal is that?

THE KEEPER.—A hippopotamus.

THE FARMER.—Where 's them there hippodromes that 's goin' tew race?

The United States excel in champagne. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry takes the lead.

"A long life and a happy one" is possible to him who keeps his system fortified with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Ask for Abbott's.

## LESSONS.

The folks that pine for the brighter side  
Don't look where the daisies grow;  
They never sigh—like we folks sighed,  
When they're chilled by the wintry snow.  
They know it's jest what the Winter 'll bring,  
An' they say: "We 'll blossom again, next Spring!"

The folks that pine for the brighter side  
Don't ever stop to think  
That the rain that falls on the world so wide  
Gives the cattle drops to drink.  
But the cattle know—on the hill an' plain,  
An' they're mighty glad o' the rain—the rain!

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

WHAT ARE THE

## "Club Cocktails?"



Drinks that are famous the world over. Made from the best of liquors and used by thousands of men and women in their own homes in place of tonics, whose composition is unknown.

Are they on your side-board?

Would not such a drink put new life into the tired woman who has shopped all day? Would it not be the drink to offer to the husband when he returns home after his day's business?

Choice of Manhattan, Martini, Tom or Holland Gin, Vermouth, York or Whisky.

For sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

29 Broadway, N.Y. Hartford, Conn.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, NEW YORK. BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 29 Beekman Street, NEW YORK. All kinds of Paper made to order.

## Earn While Learning Your Chosen Profession



Young men and women looking for employment should send for our free circular, "Support Yourself While Learning a Profession." You can become a Mechanical Engineer, Electrician, Architect. 300,000 students and graduates. Established 1891. Capital \$1,500,000. INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 918, Scranton, Pa.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."  
—*Medical Press (London)*, Aug. 1899.

# MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

ASK YOUR DEALER HE HAS THEM

TRADE MARK

AMERICA'S FAMOUS

# YPSILANTI

HEALTH UNDERWEAR

IF NOT SEND FOR BOOKLET TO

HAY & TODD MFG. CO. YPSILANTI MICH.

Cosmetics are deadly and ruin the skin. Complexions are properly built from within. To have rosy cheeks and a cuticle clear, Take Ripans Tabules—they're without any peer.

New York to Buffalo, via NEW YORK CENTRAL — Finest One-Day Railroad Ride in the World.





CUTTING, 1900, BY REPPLE & SCHWARTZMAN

#### A NATURAL LIFE-PRESERVER.

POP LIST (from Nebraska).—It's me fust surf bath, and ye don't git me ter take no risks of drownin'!

"That's the eleventh time he has worked that moth-eaten old gag on me, and I'm getting pretty blamed tired of the whole business," said the unhappy Griscom, as he moodily stalked away.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

#### THE UNIVERSAL FAILING.

I ought to know better than just to sit down  
And rail at the sun that is broiling the town.  
I've heard what some placid philosophers say,  
And I've struggled to heed what they teach day by day.  
But just when I think I am doing my best,  
I backslide and howl and complain like the rest.  
I bicker and bellow because it is hot,  
I ought to know better. Alas! I do not!

A gentle old world it would certainly be  
If all would behave as they should and agree  
That nothing shall tempt them to linger or stray  
From doing no more than plain duty each day.  
But from China to Pohick men still fly the track,  
And find their mistakes all too late to turn back.  
And each will exclaim, while bewailing his lot,  
"I ought to know better! Alas! I do not!"

—*Washington Star*.

A GREAT, big, overgrown book-agent always looks as if he ought to be at something else.—*Washington Democrat*.

FOOTE LIGHTE.—Does that tall fellow take the part of the villain in your company?

SUE BRETTE.—No; he kicked as hard as any of us when the manager went off with the box-office receipts.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



**2 FOR 25¢**

TROQUEUR 3 in.  
LEIGHTON 2 1/2 in.

MERTON 2 1/2 in.

CYRANO 3 in.  
ORNEY 2 1/2 in.  
ATHERTON 2 1/2 in.

ULYSSES 3 in.  
STRATHBURN 2 1/2 in.

**STYLISH LINEN COLLARS.**  
Other collars at the same price are made of cotton. The H. & I. Brand are made of good, strong, heavy, carefully selected linen. They are always strictly correct in style, and offer perfect-fitting qualities and long durability. They are at once the collars of fashion and comfort. If you do not find them at your dealer's, send us his name together with 25 cents, and we will forward two collars that will please you in every respect. In ordering, give style, height and size you wish. Ask for our free "Style Book for Men."

**HOLMES & IDE, Department P., TROY, N. Y.**

# Keeley

## Cure

### Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these **KEELEY INSTITUTES**. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.  
BUFFALO, N. Y.  
OGDENSBURG, N. Y.  
LEXINGTON, MASS.  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

#### THE SULTAN'S LITTLE JOKE.

For the fourth time that week Mr. Griscom, the American charge at Constantinople, rang the bell at the Yildiz palace.

"Is the Sultan in?"

"He is. Who shall I say called?"

"Mr. Griscom, with that little bill of Uncle Sam's."

A pause ensues.

Then the voice of the Sultan is heard from within.

"Is it my faithful friend Griscom?"

"It is, Your Majesty," replies the flunkey.

"Then," said the Sultan, gravely, "you must let Gris-come again! Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! He, he, he! Ain't that the best ever? Gris-come! See?"

"Wow, wow, wow!" roared the delighted flunkey.

# WILLIAMS' Shaving Soaps



Of course it is WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP—no other could produce such a mass of thick, creamy lather—no other soap so thoroughly softens the beard and makes shaving such a soothing, refreshing part of the morning toilet. Search the world over and you won't find the equal of WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts.

Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts.

Williams' Shaving Soap, (Barber's), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cents. Exquisite also for toilet.

Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.

Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15 cts.

Williams' Shaving Soap, (Barber's), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cents. Exquisite also for toilet.

**THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Glastonbury, Conn.**

Depots.

London,

Paris,

Dresden,

Sydney.

#### WORSE THAN INCOMPATIBILITY.

MRS. WEST.—Yes; Sylvia got a divorce from her husband for non-support.

MRS. WORTH.—Did he starve her?

MRS. WEST.—Almost as bad. He let her pine for a pearl necklace for over two years.—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

#### THEN SHE MISSED IT.

WIGGS.—Poor old soul! She does n't believe as much in the efficacy of prayer as she did.

WAGGS.—You surprise me. She has always been so extremely religious!

WIGGS.—Yes; but the other day she got ready to go into the city and then she discovered that she had only ten minutes in which to catch the train. Then she knelt down before she started and for five minutes prayed fervently that she might catch it.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

#### TOO MANY.

CHOLLY.—Did any man ever kiss you before I did?

MAY (softly).—Ye-es.

CHOLLY (excitedly).—Tell me his name that I may thrash him.

MAY.—Oh! what's the use, Cholly? He'd be too many for you!



#### WHEN TO FLY HIGH.

FIRST ENGLISH SPARROW.—The legislatures are offering rewards for our heads. Are n't you scared?

SECOND ENGLISH SPARROW.—No; I shan't worry until they call us game and pass laws to protect us.—*New York Weekly*.

ONE of the peculiarities of the obstinate man is his inclination to marvel at what he regards his own yielding nature.—*Washington Post*.

WE have never kissed a suffragist, but we imagine it is a good deal like biting a peach without first rubbing the fuzz off.—*Atchison Globe*.

"I'M afraid we must be divorced, my dear," said Mr. Newlywed to his young wife. "The doctor says I have rheumatic tendencies and must give up all sweet things."—*Harper's Bazar*.

#### A SIDE-NOTE.

Lots o' sinnin' an' fergivin',  
In this worl' whar' we 're a-livin';  
But this one thing don't fergit—  
We ain't found a better yit!

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

#### HORRID FEAR.

The timid suitor had finally stated his case.

"H-m-m!" began the girl's father, looking at him, grimly. "Young man, can you support a family?"

"Great Heavens!" cried the young man; "have you lost your job?"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

## Hunter Whiskey



Purity, Age, Flavor have made Hunter Baltimore Rye the American Gentleman's Whiskey

WM. LANAHAN & SON,  
Baltimore, Md.

**STUDY LAW AT HOME**  
Takes spare time only. Oldest and Best Correspondence School in the World. Same teachers for ten years. Plan approved by Judges and Educators. Adapted to the busy boy or man. Prepares for the Bar. Three courses: College, Business, Preparatory. Opens new chances for you. Liberal Terms. Special offer now. Send for particulars.  
Hague Correspondence School of Law  
138 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

**CANDY**  
Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,  
**C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**  
212 State St., Chicago.

**GOUT & RHEUMATISM**  
Use the Great English Remedy  
**BLAIR'S PILLS**  
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.  
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.



## Working or Walking

The man who wears a President Improved Suspender can work easier and walk easier. He realizes its ease and comfort by forgetting that he wears a suspender. It meets every need—from the elasticity that makes hill climbing on a bicycle easy, to the support it supplies to the worker at the desk. No other suspender in the world gives such ease and service. No other suspender responds so readily to every move of the body. Its handsome trimmings do not rust and soil the clothes.



## President Improved Suspenders

are sold by all dealers. Insist on getting the genuine—there are many imitations. Every President Improved Suspender is guaranteed.

**\$1500.00 FOR YOUR ESTIMATE**

The guarantee ticket found on each President Suspender entitles you to take part in the Presidential Vote Contest. \$1500.00 in gold given for estimates. Full information given with each suspender—which can be secured at all dealers, or direct from us, sec. postpaid. The contest is open now. Send for handsome booklet—*President Pointers*—free.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 318, Shirley, Mass.

IF the young folks who laugh at the country boy and his bride will refer to their family albums, and especially to the pictures of Pa and Ma, most of them will stop laughing.—*Atchison Globe*.

BILL.—They say that looking too long at one object hurts the eyesight.

JILL.—I guess that 's right. I know if you say "Here 's looking at you!" too many times it seems to have a bad effect on the eyes.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



## AN EXAMPLE TO THE CONTRARY.

THE MUSKRAT.—I can't swim very long under water. I need air.

THE FISH.—Need air? Pooh! That 's just a bad habit of yours. Look at me!

EVERY mother feels that her daughter-in-law is not living up to her nuptial promises unless she is constantly worrying about her husband's appetite.—*Atchison Globe*.

DASHER.—That chorus girl must be worried. She looks as if she had something on her mind.

FLASHER.—It 's a good thing she has. She certainly has n't got much on her anywhere else.—*Norristown Herald*.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

## FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

WHENEVER we see a man with a curled moustache we figure out that he can't have much else to do.—*Washington Democrat*.

#### CHEW

## Beeman's

The Original

## Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.  
All Others Are Imitations.

## OPIUM

and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1. 1. Lebanon, Ohio.

The man who has once worn the BRIGHTON has no use for any other stocking supporter. The perfect fitting, flat clasp garter. Sold by furnishes or pair mailed for 25 cts. Made in all the wanted colors and the newest cross-bar patterns.  
PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.,  
718 Market St., Philadelphia.

## BRIGHTON SILK GARTER

Rae's Lucca Olive Oil...

Combines  
Perfection of Quality  
with  
Absolute Purity

S. RAE & CO.,  
Leghorn, Italy.  
Established 1836.





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#### ASKING TOO MUCH.

MR. SHAPELEIGH.—Look here, Mary! Why don't you ever go in the water?  
MRS. SHAPELEIGH.—Gracious Me! Charles, you would n't have this suit shrink, would you?

#### GOING TO THE EXTREME.

MRS. NEWWED.—My dear, as you said we must do everything possible to economize, I have been at work turning my old dresses, and I can make most of them do another year. It won't take me over six weeks to get through, and then I'll reshape and retrim my old bonnets.

MR. NEWWED.—That's very sensible, I must say.

MRS. NEWWED.—I have also been trying some waxed thread and a coarse needle on my old shoes, and I believe they'll last six months longer; and I've turned that old carpet we bought second-hand, and given it a thorough washing, so that it will do very nicely; and I'm going to make some curtains for the upstairs windows, to avoid buying new ones.

MR. NEWWED.—Eminently sensible, my dear.

MRS. NEWWED.—And I've sent off the washerwoman and discharged the hired girl. I will do all the work myself.

MR. NEWWED.—You're an angel, my love.

MRS. NEWWED.—And I took that box of imported cigars you bought, and traded them for two boxes of cheaper ones.

MR. NEWWED.—Now, see here! Economy is a good thing, but there is no need of your becoming an unreasoning, fanatical monomaniac on the subject.—*New York Weekly.*

#### A FIRM STAND.

"Is it true that you had another lynching yesterday?"

"Yes," answered Broncho Bob. "It simply had to be done. You see, that stranger started a shootin' wild up an' down the street, an' creatin' general disorder, an' we simply had to perfect the reputation of the town. Them kind of doin's may be all right fur St. Louis, but they don't go in Crimson Gulch."—*Washington Star.*

#### GREEK MET GREEK.

FRIEND.—What do you think of the gentleman from Boston?

ENGLISHMAN.—A most astonishing person! Why, he thinks there is nothing in the world to compare with Boston;—not even London, don't you know!

#### A PROVIDENTIAL AFFAIR.

"Yes, suh," said the old colored citizen; "my ol'es' boy fit en fou't in de war gin' de Spaniels, en by de blessin' er God he had one leg shot off, w'ich hez lifted de mortgage en buyed us a new mule!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE divine right of kings is n't in it with the right of the married daughter who comes home for the first time to show off her baby to her parents.—*Atchison Globe.*



## EAGLE MARASCHINO CHERRIES

Careful selection of fruit and artistic packing have rendered them superior to all. Their pure fruit taste appeals to everyone.

### THEY OWN THE MARKET

Delicious in Ices, Sherbets, and essential in Cocktails. Invariably fresh. Patent glass closure. No metal to taint the contents.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST

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RHEINSTROM BROS.,  
945-967 Main Street, or  
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### Art Posters

Pictures of the Republican nominees.

## McKinley and Roosevelt

and the Democratic nominees.

## Bryan and Stevenson

handsomely lithographed in colors. Very large  
(28 in. wide, 42 in. high), mailed on receipt of

10c. Each, Stamps or Silver.

THE DONALDSON LITHO. CO., Newport, Ky.  
Newport is a suburb of Cincinnati, O.



Good whisky cannot be spoiled by good water.

## "Canadian Club" Whisky

is admittedly one of the most delicate of whiskies, yet water does not wash out its subtle flavour and aroma, but on the contrary enhances them. A "Canadian Club" High Ball is the perfection of a summer drink.



AFTER a loafer has loafed six or seven years he thinks he is as good as anybody.—*Atchison Globe.*

### Alois P. Swoboda

teaches by mail, with perfect success, his original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise without any apparatus whatever and requiring but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body.

**ABSOLUTELY CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION,**

and revitalizes the whole body.

Pupils are of both sexes ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition individual instructions are given in each case. Write at once for full information and Booklet containing endorsements from many of America's leading citizens to

ALOIS P. SWOBODA,

34-36 Washington Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

## BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box size at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.



WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 B'way, New York

#### AN UNWELCOME CHANGE.

OLD FRIEND.—Your husband used to be so rough and profane, and now he's so gentle, and refined, and courtly, I hardly knew him.

MRS. MINKS.—Yes; I've noticed the change. I'll bet a cookie he's got a typewriter girl in his office.—*New York Weekly.*

Headaches and loss of appetite are common complaints in the Spring. Try Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters and beware of cheap domestic substitutes.



SEP 13 1900



PUCK.

A MEANS TO AN END.

"Mrs. Newrocks was careful to call her lawn party a fête champêtre."  
"Oh, yes! I think her chief object in giving the lawn party was to call it a fête champêtre."

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